King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maiſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-maiſter.
King. Shee thinkes not ſo: peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here? a letter, that ſhe loues the knight of *Tyre?*
T'is the Kings ſubtiltie to haue my life:
Oh, ſeeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger, and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.
King. Traytor, thou lyeſt.
Per. Traytor?
King. I, traytor.
Per. Euen in his throat, vnleſſe it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer reliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accountes of mee,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enimie.
king. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſſe it.

¶ *Enter Traiſe.*

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicit, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſilable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence?